

The Poet's Corner.

JANUARY.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

From this full, valy under-sky and low,
The mucky maling of a leader day,
That never knew the sun, this half-thawed snow,
Then tossing black boughs faint agains the gray

of evening light, such thurst, dear, day,
Sister, but with thy scarce sun aintey,
Sent through my loing to beguile.

These the lights gleam, and all is dark without!
And in the midday, change our eyes most
dazed! —

Oh, look, look, look again! the wile of doubt
Just for one last, past counting there was

raise! —

Oh eyes of heaven, as clear thy sweet sun
blazed

On me a moment! Oh, come back again!

Strange rest and dear still the long pain! —

Nay, nay, gone by! so there she sitteth alone,
With wide gray eyes so shrewd and fathless!

Be patient, patient, —

Now, then, why thy pale thy plash?

And feed thy last hope of the world's redress
O meen, hurryng rack! — O wailing wond!

What rest and where go ye this night to find?

— Old and New for January.

Ladies' Department.

A Young Lady's New Year.

It was not that I was afraid of being alone,

but my spirits had sunk a little below the

mark that night, and there was nothing to

fetch them up again. And it was very lonely

indeed to be alone, and I was very glad to

choose to be the only living creature in a

toll gate house on a very lonesome road,

when the village high upon a hill, and the

house down, had been darkened as

that not there was very much driving

along our road after nightfall, but there

was always the chance of a traveller on horse

back, and the toll gate open, and the gate

open, but that it would not do to put up the

shutters and fasten the door

when one's spirits fell low, as one might do

in a private little which had nothing to

do with the public.

It was the last night of the old year, and

that was how it came to pass that I was

alone. Father and I had been keeping the

old one on the Ludford road, — for the last

three years or more, while mother and John

took care of our little farm about eight miles

away. — And John, who had been a boy at

the toll gate, had been a boy at the toll gate

when he was a boy, — and when he had lost

it, he had to do something to gain his

way.

Father was gone to watch the New Year

in with mother, and John, and Nelly, and

you must know, was a pretty girl, eight

years young, and I, and she had been to

the national school, first as a scholar and then as

a teacher, and now she was known as

Miss Burgess, the governess of the school

at Ludford, — and I had been to

the toll gate public.

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